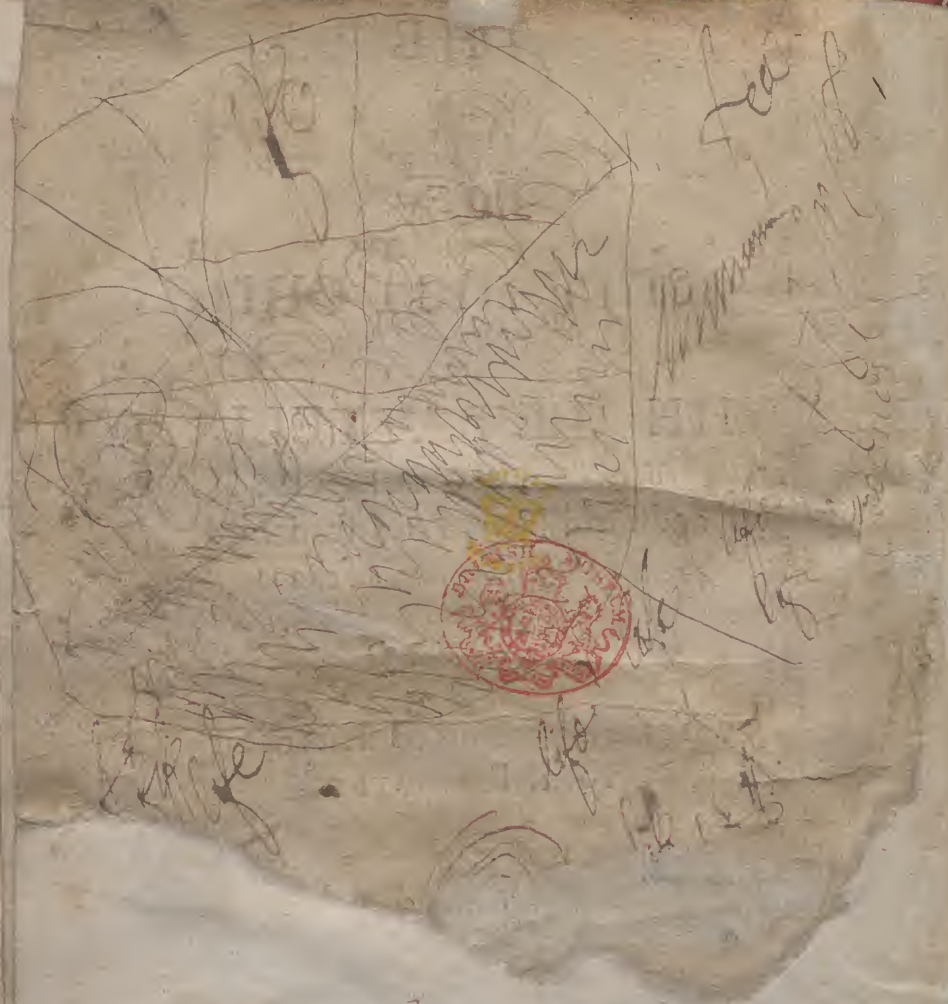


THE KENT RINDER BRITISH MUSEUM



THE
HISTORY OF HENRY
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others

King.

SO shaken as we are, to wan with care,
Finde we a time for flighted peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new bro
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirstie entrance of this soyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruisse her flowers with the armed hooftes
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meeete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beseeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Souldiers now, under whose blessed Crosse
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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